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BUY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS FROM BAB-

Notice the label on your paper and a nobler specimen than this young persectly your time expires this month.

Sophia Paulovna Eczardy. By HENRY HARLAND.

> [Copyright. All rights reserved.] CHAPTER IV. LISTENING.

One afternoon a week or so later while I was at work washing my brushes ia my studio somebody began to sing in the room above. The voice was femitane, a deep and sweet contralto, and I

ook for granted that the singer must be liss Eczardy. I listened with a good deal of interest, as well as a good deal of pleasure, for beside that the voice was in itself agreeable the song she saug seemed to me to be very curious as well as very pretty. Though the words, of course, were quite indistinguishable I messed that it was a Russian song, perhans a folk song. It had much of that savage impetuosity of rhythm and that almost barbaric brilliancy of color which we feel in some of the compositions of Rubinstein. It was swift, merry, jubilant even, in its movement; yet a prolonged minor wail seemed to run all through it, giving a secondary effect of sorrow. Here and there would occur a repetend, consisting of a succession of tense high notes; every new departure and variation of the tune always finished by bringing up at this same repetend; the influence of it upon the hearer was very strange. It sounded like hilarious laughter, yet at the same time it sounded like wild, passionate sobbing, and it moved the hearer at once to pain and to pleas-

ure in a way that was very strange.

Gradually as I listened the rhythm appeared to become more regular, the eccentricity of the melody to moderate a little. "It begins," I thought, "to resemble something that I have heard be-

fore. What? Ah, I remember; it is a good deal like that song of Carmen's whereby poor Don Jose is made to lose his heart to her. There is the same effective use of the chromatic scale. She does it beautifully. I should immensely like to see her. I can fancy the way her eye flashes, the way her cheek flushes. She must be pretty. No woman could sing with so much fire and spirit unless she were pretty- Hello! what is this?" The floor over my head had begun to vibrate to the measure of a dance; the singer had begun to dance in time to her music. It struck me all at once that this was a little singular. Could Miss Eczardy not only sing but dance with her father ill unto death in the next-or. for all I knew, in the same-room? I was pondering this enigma in my mind

when somebody rapped upon my door. "Come in," I called. The exterminator entered. He entered on tiptoc, as if fearful of making the least noise, and with his finger raised, his lips pursed and his brows knitted, as if to enjoin silence upon me as well. I looked up, puzzled, and waited for him to vouchsafe an explanation.

He advanced very close to me, when, bending forward, and protecting his mouth with the open palm of his hand, he demanded in a whisper: "Eh, you hear that?"

"Yes, I hear it," I confessed. "Well, the cle feller-you know, the ole feller, her fazair?" "Yes. Well? What about him?

"Well, he feel better. Ca va mieux. You onderstand? "Ah, that's it, is it?" I exclaimed

'Dr. Eczardy feels better, and hisdaughter celebrates his improvement with a song and dance."

"Yes, that'r it. She sing and dance for him, and that show he feel better. W'enever 'e feel pretty good halways 'e mek her to sing and dance. He like it." "Well he may. She has a sweet voice

and she sings with spirit." "Yes, you right; she sing first class. Bot you hought to see her dance. She dance! Eh, I never seen anybody dance like her. It is magnificent. I go op stairs now to congratulate them, because 'e feel better, you onderstand. Then mebbe they hask me to walk inside and mek a visit. Then mebbe she go hon to dance, and I set there and see her. It is as good as a theatre. It is wors five dollars. Well, goo'-by."

And waving his bediamonded old claw at me he accomplished his exit. I felt as though I should not at all object to following him. I was beginning to be mightily interested in Miss Eczardy: an I I am sure I should have surpassed the exterminator himself in appreciation of her dancing if I, too, had been permitted to witness it.

CHAPTER V.

GUESSING. I dined that evening at a little Italian restaurant, around the corner from Monsieur Muselle's, in Second avenue, where very edible dinners were served for very easonable prices. While I was discussing my macaroni there an incident befell which struck me as both interesting and suggestive. A young lady entered from the street carrying a basket—a small and rather pretty basket, woven of bright green and red straw. She was manifestly not a stranger in the place, for immediately upon her entrance one of the waiters stepped forward to meet her, and taking her basket from her he handed her a bill of fare. This document she studied for a minute, then spoke to the waiter as if giving him an order. He went off bearing her basket with him and during his absence she stood near the pay desk and chatred with the proprietor's wife, Mrs. Maraschini, who sat in state behind it. Presently the waiter came back and restored her basket to her, now manifestly heavier than when she had parted with it, and having settled her score and given the waiter his gratuity she returned into the street. This episode, I say, struck me as both interesting and suggestive. Interesting, because the young lady who sustained the chief role in it was very far from commonplace in her appearance. Of all known types of feminine beauty that which I personally admire 'he most is the Titianesque, the woman who is of large and generous mold, yet softly rounded, with a small head set upon a full and graceful neck, a white skin just transparent enough to be warm in the cheeks, and, to crown all, golden brown eyes and golden reddish

"If ever I am to fall in love," I said to myself, "it will be with a woman of that sort. That is the sort of woman I tall and strong, yet rich and supple and womanly: skin like the flesh of a camellia, yet delicately touched with

color of rose; hair like a mesh of flames, and eyes that can light up with laughter, nelt with tenderness, or burn with siwaya longed to paint a woman of that sort, but models are so hard to find, so rare. A perfect model I have never seen until to-night. I wonder who she

And wondering who she was, I began to perceive the suggestiveness of the episode. It seemed to me to suggest that my fair unknown must have an invalid relative at home - a father, mother, brother, husband, unable to leave the house-to whom she was bringing the contents of her basket. And then all at once it flashed across my min l, "What if she should be Miss Eczardy! Miss Eczardy, come for her father's dinner!" I grant you that was an entirely unwarranted and far fetched conjecture; more especially so be-cause this girl's style was essentially southern and Italian, and Miss Eczardy was a Russian; but it took possession of my fancy with the tenacity of a proved

"Yes, I'll lay a wager that was Miss Eczardy come for her father's dinner. By Jove, if that magnificent creature lives under the same roof with me"- Upon that hypothesis as a corner stone my imagination proceeded to rear a fair and radiant castle in the air.

I did not see the exterminator again until the next afternoon. Meanwhile the musical entertainment above stairs had been repeated, leaving me to infer that Dr. Eczardy's health was sti'l on the mend. When next afternoon Muselle dropped in to see me, after we had exchanged the ordinary salutations, "And our invalid up stairs?" I began; "I hope he continues to feel better."

"Oh, yes; 'e feel pretty good. "E ve his hups and his downs, you know, and jus' now 'e 'ave a hup. By and by 'e ave a down again, then mebbe another hup. But he never get well. 'E die before twelve mawns, I bet you feefty dol-

"Do they keep house up stairs there, or do they go out to their meals, as I do? "Yes, she go hout. Not him. 'E can't. 'E too sick. 'E stay at 'ome w'ile she go hout and get his dinner in a basket. Then she come back, and they heat it together in their room."

"What sort of looking person is she?" "Oh, she pretty good looking sort. She aw right about her looks." "Yes, but her style? Is she dark or

fair, large or small? Can't you describe "Well, she pretty beeg. Tall woman, you onderstand, and fine figure. Then

for color-well, I suppose you call her fair; but she got red hair. She look like a Meridionale, if you know w'at that "A Meridionale? That's odd, consid-

ering che's a Russian. "Yes, you right; it's hodd. Bot her mother she came from the south of France. She was a Frenchwoman. Miss Eczardy spik French as good as me." From which conversation it appeared that my far fetclied conjecture had not been altogether mistaken, after all.

CHAPTER VI.



Well, there we sat, facing each other. A fortnight slipped away. The health of Dr. Eczardy, as the exterminator kept me informed, continued to improve Every afternoon his daughter sang and danced for his pleasuring. I conceived a hundred schemes by which an acquaintanceship between them and me might be brought to pass, but I lacked the executive ability to carry out any one of them. The simplest scheme of all, namely, to ask the exterminator to present me, was the least attractive. I really don't know why. In the end, however, I resorted to it.

"I told you a while ago that I should very much like to meet Dr. Eczardy. You said then that he was too ill to see people. But he is so much better now that don't you think?"-

"Well, I tell you w'at I do," my landlord returned. "I'll hask his daughtair. I'll request her permission to introduce

"Thank you: that will be very good of vou." I said. "I'll hask her this afternoon and let

you know right away. He left me, but at 5 o'clock or thereabouts in the afternoon he came again. "See," he began, "she 'ave written her answer for you to read."

He handed me a visiting card. Upon its face was engraved "Miss Sophia Paulovna Eczardy." Upon its obverse, in pencil, was written: "Miss Eczardy thanks Mr. Eliot for his kindness in desiring to meet her father. But Dr. Eczardy is on the eve of leaving New York, and as he will need all his strength for the journey he is about to take Miss bad for him. She regrets, therefore, that the visit so kindly proposed by Mr. Eliot must for the present be deferred." I vow to you that as I held this card in my hand and saw her writing on it and realized that she had written it for Eczardy fears that the excitement of

had been suffered to gaze my fait to-mgnt | -I vow to you that, cold and formal and disappointing as the message she had written was, my heart was pierced

by a feeling so like the thrill of love that have always longed to paint-a figure I can think of no other name to give it. Next instant, however, "What!" I exclaimed, turning to the exterminator. "They are on the eve of leaving New

"Oh, nun-nun-no," he quickly reassured me; "not they. Only him. 'E go to Bermuda to pass the winter. 'E start passion, according to her mood. I have on Wednesday morning. She only tole me today, or else I had tole you before." "Oh, I see," I said relieved. "He goes alone. And she"---

"She will remain 'ere. She go hon living opstairs alone by herself. Her father leave her in my charge. I tek good care of her, don't you be afraid." "I'm not afraid," I answered. "I think her father has left her in very trustworthy hands. But I should think it would be pretty hard for her to stay on here alone, with her father away ill,

perhaps dying. It will be rather gloomy

for her, won't it?" "Eh, w'at will you 'ave? She must stay 'ere to do her work and gain their bread. The doctor 'ave ordered him to go w'ere it is warmer for the winter; and since she is not rich enough to go wiz him 'e must go alone, and she must re-main alone behind."

"Yes, I understand," I said. On Wednesday morning I heard a arriage rattle up to our door and stop there. Then, looking out of my window, I saw Miss Eczardy issue from the house, with her white haired old father leaning on her arm. I did not succeed in catching a glimpse of the old man's face; his back was toward me from first to last. All I saw was his feeble, tottering body, and his long white hair escaping from beneath his hat and falling down almost to his shoulders. The exterminator followed them, bearing the impedimenta of shawl straps, bags, etc. He got into the carriage with them, and the carriage drove away.

"Well, 'e's hoff at last," he told me that evening. "We had a fearful time down at the steamer, she felt so bad. She cried and cried, and would not be comforted. Bot at last the steamer sailed and 'e was hoff. Coming back in the carriage she cried hall the way. She tole me, 'Mr. Muselle,' she tole me, 'I am sure I never will see my fazair alive again.' I tole her I bet her feefty dollars 'e come back aw right. Bot between you and me I shouldn't wondair eef 'e die down there. 'E's a fearful sick

man, no mistek. On Saturday evening I went to get my dinner at Maraschini's, that little Italian ordinary in Second avenue of which mention has been made before. I found the place crowded to overflowing, as it was pretty apt to be on Saturday evening; and having looked around in vain for an unoccupied table I was on the point of going away to seek retreshment elsewhere when the enterprising wife of the proprietor, observing my predicament and reluctant to lose my reckoning, came up and exhorted me to romain. "No place?" she queried. "Oh, hat's all right. I make a place for you.

She led me into a small back room, properly a sort of ante-chamber to the kitchen, which served as armory of the stronghold, its walls being lined with dressers containing pots and pans, spits and skewers and such other weapons, offensive and defensive, as are required to complete the accoutrement of a belted cook, but which, on occasions like the present, was thrown open to the public, and there she kept her promise to make a place for me by ordering a chair to be brought and planting it at one side of a tiny table, the opposite side of which was already in commission.

"Set there," she bade me. "You'll be all right." I obediently seated myself there; but I did so with a beating heart, for the occu-

pant of the other side of the table was Miss Eczardy. Well, there we sat, facing each other cross that tiny table throughout that long Italian table d'hote, and ate our respective dinners in solemn, unbroken silence. I wanted desperately to begin a conversation with her, but I lacked the hardihood to speak the first word, and of course I could not expect the first word to come from her. I thought out a dozen possible maneuvers by which the ice might be broken and the conversation started; but when it came to the rub of putting any one of them in operation my heart failed me, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I fancied I had got my courage quite screwed up to the point of asking her to pass the vinegar; that, it seemed to me, would be a natural opening and one that might lead to something; but then at the eleventh hour it occurred to me that the vinegar cruet stood within easy reach of my own hand, and that it would be infinitely ridiculous to impose upon her the supererogatory task of passing it, and so I dared not. This was utterly absurd. There was no reason why we should not chat together. She knew who I was. I knew who she was; we were members of the same guild, dwellers under the

same roof tree; we had even corresponded together-did I not hold in my possession one of her visiting cards, with a note written on it by her hand for my eyes? There could have been no earthly harm or wrong in our speaking to each other and making friends. It would have been unconventional, if you like, but not unconventional in any bad sense; and beside, isn't unconventionality in their mutual intercourse the privilege of artists? Yet there we sat vis-a-vis, distant not more than eighteen inches from each other, and my childish timidity tied my tongue and prevented my mak-

ing the first advance. As time went on and I saw the moment drawing near and nearer when she would have finished her dinner and be ty to speak to her waxed more intense, but not so my courage. I wondered whether she appreciated the situation as I did and perceived my faint hearted-ness, and was laughing at me in her sleeve. I side a glance at her beautiful

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Nearly Always Right in Her Judgment in Regard to Common Things.

An old gentleman over seventy came into the city from his farm without his overcoat. The day turned chilly and he was obliged to forego his visit to the

To a friend who remonstrated with him for going away from home thus unprepared, he said: "I thought it was gong to be warm; my wife told me to take my overcoat, but I wouldn't. Women have more sense than men any

A frank admission.

Women's good sense is said to come from intuition; may it not be that they are more close observers of little things. One thing is certain, they are apt to strike the nail on the head, in all the ordinary problems of life, more frequently than the lords of creation.

"According to Dr. Alice Bennett, who recently read a paper on Bright's disease before the Pennsylvania State Medical Society, persons subject to bilious attacks and sick headaches, who have crawling sensations, like the flowing of water in the head, who are 'tired all the time,' and have unexplained attacks of sudden weakness, may well be suspected of dangerous tendencies in the direction of Bright's disease."

The veteran newspaper correspondent Joe Howard, of the New York Press, in noting this statement, suggests: "Possibly Alice is correct in her diagonosis, but why doesn't she give some idea of treatment? I know a man who has been 'tired all the time' for ten years. Night before last he took two doses of calomel and yesterday he wished he hadn't."

A proper answer is found in the following letter of Mrs. Davis, wife of Rev. Wm. J. Davis, of Basil, O., June 21st,

"I do not hesitate to say that I owe my life to Warner's Safe Cure, I had a constant hemorrhage from my kidneys for more than five months. The physicians could do nothing for me. My husband spent hundreds of dollars and I was not relieved. I was under the care of the most eminent medical men of the State. The hemorrhage ceased before I had taken one bottle of the Safe Cure. I can safely and do cheerfully recommend it to all who are sufferers of kidnev troubles."

Why Support the Home Paper? Why? Because, if for no better reason,

the home newspaper supports you. You wake up once in a while, perhaps, and forsaking your private business, in which for years you have been immersed, you turn out and spend a day or an hour for the public good-at the polls fighting against the re-election of a boodler, at a public meeting talking for water works or some new enterprise-and then you return to your pursuit, leaving the newspaper to clinch the victory or protect the retreat, as the case may be.

The newspaper man has been so long the watchman on the tower, or the man on guard, that his service in this line is taken as a matter of course, and the value of that service has fallen too far in public appreciation.

But the newspaper man is not whining. He cares whether his service is appreciated or not-everybody who is anybody is sensitive to appreciation or the denial of it; but he knows what belongs to his guild, and knowing, he is going to continue his performance. Still, when reasons are wanted for supporting the home paper, it is fair to say that the newspaper should be supported because it is a daily public benefit, contending for the public good when the public itself is drowsy or slumbering deeply. But that, you may say, is a sentimental

reason, and so it is, partly. No self respecting newspaper man would urge it alone. The strict business reason for supporting the home paper is that it pays, directly, as well as indirectly. Let two men try two opposite policies. Let one man advertise in the home papernot putting in an "ad." written in a minute on a scrap of paper, but preparing an announcement with care and study, changing it frequently, always with the same care, and keeping the series going steadily. Let the other man try any plan he pleases of pushing business—chromos, prizes, brass bands, balloon real estate tricks, personal solicitation from house to house—anything he pleases—and see how it will come out. For the same money the newspaper advertiser will beat the other man two to one!

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Bretheren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My Lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager of Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many Such thousand friends is to urge them to try it. Free trial bottles at G. W. Short's, Cloverport, Ky., and J. A. Witt's, Hardinsburg, Ky. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00-

Miss Olde—Second thoughts are best, Mr. Starr, and I've concluded to give a different answer to your proposal of last night. I am willing to become your wife. Starr-I agree with you in thinking second thoughts are best, and I am sorry

I asked you to marry me. I shall not

Second Thoughts.

Fine writing paper at Babbage's.

repeat the question.-Yankee Blade.

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Louisville, St. Louis & Texas R. R. Co.

#### NO. 16. TIME SCHEDULE Taking Effect At 5:00 o'clek A. M., Sunday, Aug. 24, 1890

West Bound Trains 53 Mail & Expr's Expr's STATIONS | Mail & 54 Expr's Expr's Daily Daily 6 25pm 8 65am | v.Un'n Dp't..ar | 1 10pm | 9 05pm | 6 40 | 8 20 | Kentucky St. | 1 2 55 | 8 50 | 7 20 | 9 09 | West Point | 12 15 | 8 10 | 7 25 | 9 03 | Howard | 12 12pm | 8 05 | 7 45 | 9 20 | Rock Haven | 11 57am | 7 45 | 7 54 | 9 27 | Long Branch | 11 47 | 7 35 | 8 03 | 9 37 | Brandenburg | 11 38 | 7 27 | 8 06 | 9 40 | Meade Springs | 11 34 | 7 23 | 8 13 | 9 46 | Ekron | 11 28 | 7 17 | 8 20 | 9 54 | Guston | 11 29 | 7 69 | 8 28 | 16 68 | Irvington | 11 10 | 7 00 11 47 11 38 11 28 11 20 11 01 11 01 10 53 10 28 10 20 10 05 10 05 10 05 9 49 9 28 9 28 9 28 8 37 8 27 8 28 8 27 8 28 eade Springs Ekron Guston Irvington Webster Sample Stephensport Addison Holt Lewisport Powers Pates Owensboro Mattingly Stanley

Louisvi'le,Hardinsburg & Western R. R

No. 5 TIME TABLE Taking Effect at 5.00 o'clock a. m. Sunday September 28, 1890.

West Bound Trains East			Bound Train	
	Daily ex Sun, No. 1	STATIONS.	Daily ex Sun. No. 2	Dail ex Su No.
8 15 um 9 12 9 33 9 42 9 55 10 15 10 43 11 00 11 35 11 58 am 12 H pm	***	Ly Irvington Ar Garfield Harned Junction Hardinsburg Junction Kirk Jolly Glendeane Rockyale Ruth	9 45am 9 12 8 52 8 44 8 37 8 28 8 15 8 03 7 44 7 29 7 20	-
12 22 12 42	1 35	Askins Oaks	7 12 6 57	2 40 2 18

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Lv. Louisville 8:45 a.m...9:00 p.m...4:10 p.m. Arr St. Louis 7:45 "...7:25 " Evansville 2:25 "...........9:50 p.m. For further information, call on or address, JOS S ODIORNE, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Louisville, Ky.

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Suitable for all Ages. Price of either size, 25c. per Bottle. KISSING ATT-17-70 "PHOTOGRAVURE BIZE"
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